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RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

There was their wedding day
Long ago, the old folks say,
Some said red, something new,
Something purple, something blue.

So when Margarette was led
Down the aisle to wed,
Some said red to the end
The good old folk should attend.

But on her face
That love should grace;
That love very new,
The good old folk and she was blue.
—Baltimore World.

for it. She had been of late rather careless on this point and was now rewarded for her extra care by her husband's glance of approval and his remark that that pink silk was becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter and her spirits more buoyant as she entered Mrs. Johnson's crowded drawing room.

Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess when Mr. Palmer accosted, or, rather, was accosted, by Miss Baden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage, and at the same moment a gentleman addressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention entirely from her husband and his companion until, seeing something in Miss Baden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned with sudden determination to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to the town, very pleasant and handsome, and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try and make herself agreeable to him. He looked so pleased and was himself so agreeable that it soon cost her no effort to converse, and then her old lively spirits returned, and, to her surprise, she found that she was enjoying herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did, and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer lost much of its charm now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous and that people couldn't see that she was so.

Wherefore Miss Baden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer bethought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over the photograph albums nor talking to dear old Mr. Brown, nor in any of the "holes and corners" which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

At that instant a little laugh at his elbow startled him, and, turning, he saw Nellie, bright and flushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared to be quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the deuce!" was his thought. "What on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" Then suddenly, meeting his wife's eye, he smiled and whispered, "Enjoying yourself, Nell?"

"Oh, yes, dear, delightfully! Don't trouble yourself about me, pray."

Nellie Palmer had never sung more sweetly or danced more gracefully than upon this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you've danced enough for one night?" said her husband toward the close of the evening. "For a married woman?" he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered cheerfully. "But I've enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost forget that I was a married woman and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?" he inquired as they walked down stairs.

"That remarkably handsome man with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was at all handsome," he answered stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Captain Lovell of the artillery. Ah, here he is—just one moment, dear—I quite forgot!"

And Nellie spoke a few words to the captain in passing, of which her husband could distinguish only something about "that book."

When Robert Palmer came home next day he found his wife not crying as before in her bedroom, but in the parlor practicing a new song.

"Captain Lovell called this morning," she said, "and I have promised to sing this for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah," he answered with an expression of indifference, and as his wife struck up with the first few notes he muttered to himself, "Confound Captain Lovell!"

At Mrs. Campbell's Captain Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer, and then other gentlemen discovered her attractions, her piquancy and coquettishness and flirtableness, and so, in a very few weeks, Mrs. Palmer was a belle. She did not seem in the least to care who her husband was attending upon, and indeed he could rarely get a word with her at all when at the gay assemblies which they constantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was "no longer a girl" and that he was her husband, but she only laughed and said there was no harm done and that she was enjoying herself so delightfully and felt herself more a belle than even when a girl—which was true, because she had not flirted then, being absorbed, heart and soul, in Bob Palmer. But now it was Captain Lovell who appeared chiefly to occupy her thoughts as well as a

good part of her time. She sang and danced with him; she read the books he sent, and so frequent were his visits, so constant his attentions, that at last Mr. Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

"Ellen," he said, as he one day closed the door on the departing captain, "I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most unexpected, most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow Lovell. He is constantly in my house, and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood for two hours the center of a group of chattering, grinning popinjays, like himself."

"Why, Bob, you yourself blamed me for playing wallflower and 'spider' and said you were ashamed of me."

"I am much more ashamed of you now," he retorted severely.

"Now, dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie reproachfully, "and now that I am obeying you you get jealous."

"Jealous? Not I! But I am offended and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could bear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell!"

"Similar to those that I heard in regard to you and Miss Baden, I presume?" said his wife.

"What is Miss Baden to me?" he demanded angrily.

"And what is Captain Lovell to me?"

"You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him."

"As you do with Isabel Baden."

"A man may do what is not permissible in a woman."

"Ah, that is it!" said Nellie, with her old sigh. "You men may neglect a wife, may wear out her heart and life with anguish, may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintances by showing devotion to another, and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, as may even the trampled worm, but must bear all in meek silence, never even imploring mercy lest she offend her lord. But I have had enough of this, Bob, and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you go on flirting, so will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Baden than I do for Captain Lovell, but I will not be neglected and humbled in the sight of the whole world. I am not a slave, but a wife, and demand the honor due to me."

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face with bright, clear eyes in whose depths he could still read great tenderness, and he at once comprehended the whole matter. He looked at her a moment as steadily as she at him, and then he rose and took a seat by her side.

"And you really care nothing for this Lovell, Nellie?"

"No more than I ought to do for my

cousin Laura's affianced husband," she replied.

"Affianced?"

"These six months; before I met him; and I would have told you of it, but"—

She stopped and looked half archly in his face. He understood her and, taking her in his arms, kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Bob, how could you ever have doubted me?"

"I will do so no more, love!"

"Never flirt any more?"

"Never!"

Scaring the Conscience.

Of all her curious customs London cannot boast of a more singular one than that formerly so strictly adhered to at Holland House, one of the most historic old mansions in the British capital. The last of the Lords Holland shot himself during a fit of despondency; everything pointed to a clear case of self murder, yet the Holland family could never be dissuaded from the notion that the old man had been murdered by some unknown assassin. Accordingly every night for years it was the custom for one of the family to go to the rear of the house punctually at 11 o'clock and fire a gun for the purpose, it is said, of "scaring the conscience" of the murderer. This curious practice is a relic of medieval days in continental Europe, and the case to point is probably the only instance where it has been noticed since the days of the crusades.

Not Informed.

Dennis—Did yez git my letter?
Patrick—Faith, Oi did not! Phay did yez not write me that yez had writ it?—
Ohio State Journal.

TANGIN

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